Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

Sugar-Making in Kansas.

The following letter to Coleman's *Rural World* from Hutchinson, Kansas, under date of September 17th, will be of interest to all who are interested in the development of domestic sugar production:

"The people hereaway are jubilant over the success of Professor Stevenson of the Hutchinson sugar refinery. Four centrifugals are running to-day, throwing out a splendid sugar, a sample of which I inclose, and runs 1,100 pounds to 200 gallons of syrup. The syrup from it is light colored, and of a very fine quality. It is still rich in sugar, and the professor says he will re-crystalize and get three to four pounds more to the gallon. Syrup made on Saturday showed sugar made in an hour, and syrup made at midnight, Saturday, was nearly solid sugar Monday morning. It is a busy spot, two thousand acres of cane in sight from the roof, and forty-five teams hurrying it into the mill, which devours over half a cord a minute the day through. There are 153 men, eighty of whom are divided into day and night watches at the refinery. The professor reckons the daily output at 30,000 pounds of sugar and 1,600 gallons of syrup. The New Yorkers who are backing up the concern are standing around the centrifugals in jubilant spirits. The president, looking out of the window just now, at the cane-carriers beneath, loaded ten inches deep with cane, called to the company, 'Gentlemen, here is a view commanding the beginning and the finish. There is the green cane going into the mill, and here is this beautiful sugar pouring from the centrifugals."

From another column of the same journal we learn that the Hutchinson Sugar Refining Company has $125,000 invested in works at Hutchinson, which it proposes to make their headquarters, while they will establish branch mills all over the state, from which the crude products can be shipped to the central works for refinery. From the crop grown this year the company expects to make 9,000 barrels of sugar and 7,000 barrels of syrup. All grades of refined sugars will be made as are turned out by any sugar refinery. It looks as if the sorghum industry was fairly out of the woods.

Too Much Protection.

The heavy and widespread failures in the leather and boot and shoe trade, amounting to an aggregate of five millions of dollars, are calculated to raise the inquiry whether the governmental policy pursued in regard to our industries is such as a wise business policy requires. The theory has been that our manufacturers should be protected from foreign competition, and this it has been sought to bring about by import duties on not only manufactured goods, but on the machinery and raw material required in their production. The principle of protection, once admitted, must go the rounds. Not only must the manufacturer be protected from the competition of manufactured goods, but the man who makes the machinery which he uses must also be protected, and so a duty is imposed on machinery. The men who own or dig the iron and coal, who cut the timber, who raise the wool or hides, or who furnish anything which enters either directly or indirectly into the manufacturing business, must also be protected, and so import duties are levied on all raw material from abroad. The result is that the cost of production is so enhanced that our manufacturers are shut out of foreign and shut up to our home markets. Meanwhile such has been the improvements in machinery and processes that the producing capacity of all our manufactories has been greatly enlarged. The result is seen to-day in an accumulation of stocks of cotton and woolen goods, boots and shoes, iron and hardware, for which there is no present demand. Mills are shutting down and closing their doors against their employes, who are left without resources on which to live, and business firms going to the wall. At the same time money never was so plenty, nor so cheap, and the agricultural interests of the country, the real basis of our prosperity were never more prosperous. England, France and Germany, whose manufacturers are not hampered by protection, are supplying the markets of the world with cotton and woolen fabrics, boots and shoes, iron and hardware, of which our warehouses are full to repletion, largely in excess of any home demand, but which their owners cannot send abroad, because, by the operation of our tariff laws, their cost has been so enhanced that they cannot be sold in the markets.—*N. E. Farmer.*

OF all the callings to which man has ever turned his attention, farming requires the most actual practical experience. The custom in the New England states in the olden time, as it is said, of sending the dull boys to college, and putting the bright ones to work on the farm, was a sensible one. A boy of ordinary mind can be educated to the standard of the so-called learned professions, or to follow the routine of the professor's chair; but it takes a bright brain and an energetic hand to so manage the soil as to make it a willing, profitable servant.

DR. STONE of New York, formerly secretery of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, has begun to export American milk to London. The milk is sealed in glass jars, and placed in a refrigerator during the voyage. So far the experiment has resulted satisfactorily, the milk reaching its destination in good condition.

REMEMBER that hogs grow much more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. Therefore fatten them early. They should have the run of a small yard (as moderate exercise is necessary for their health and comfort), and plenty of clean bedding. Most hogs are kept in a disgustingly filthy condition.

THE average land rent paid by the farmers of England is said to be $30 per acre, or an aggregate in the whole island of $355 000,000 per year, and this vast tax has to be met whatever the harvest or prices may be.

ONE grand lesson to-day for the average farmer is the value of little economies; the farmer who learns the lesson will succeed, while he who ignores them will go to the wall.

YOU cannot free mankind from superstition. So long as we can know but little, we shall imagine much. And what is imagination unbacked by knowledge but superstition?

The Fireside.

TO MRS. CARLYLE.

I have read your glorious letters,
Where you threw aside all fetters,
Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely, in your own delightful style;
And I fear my state's alarming,
For those pages are so charming,
That my heart I lay before you,—take it,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here thinking, thinking,
How your life was one long winking
At poor Thomas' faults and failings, and his undue share of bile!
Wont you own, dear, just between us,
That this living with a genius
Isn't, after all, so pleasant,—is it,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle?

There was nothing that's demeaning,
In those frequent times of cleaning,
When you scoured and scrubbed and hammered, in such true housewifely style;
And those charming teas and dinners,
Graced by clever saints and sinners,
Make me long to have been present—with you,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,
Playing young women, and the dickens
Knows what else; you stilled all racket, that might Thomas' sleep beguile;
How you wrestled with the taxes,
How you ground T. Carlyle's axes,
Making him the more dependent on you—
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter
Gleams, like sunshine on the water,
Your quick sense of fun and humor, and your bright, bewitching smile;
And I own, I fairly revel
In the way that you say "devil,"
'Tis so terse, so very vigorous, so like
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing
Just a little love and kissing,—
Silly things that help to lighten many a weary, dreary while?
Never a word you say to show it;
We may guess, but never know it;
You went quietly on without it—loyal
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

—*Bessie Chandler, in November Century.*

Summering on the Semmering.

PART SECOND.

As they entered the kitchen, Kattle smilingly, and with an air of pride, turned to her, saying:

"I want to show you my room."

She opened the door of a room the interior of which Mrs. Atley had not yet seen, but which she knew to be the dairy. She was, therefore, not surprised to see the great earthen pans of milk standing uncovered on the shelves, but was scarcely prepared for the sight of Kattle's neatly made bed, filling one side of the narrow apartment. It was the very counterpart of her own.

Kattle evidently expected a word of praise and compliment for her cozy room; whereas Mrs. Atley's first words were:

"Do you sleep here?"

With a bewildered look, the girl nodded affirmatively.

"Here, with the milk?"

"Why not? Milk doesn't hurt any one to sleep with."

"No, but you hurt the milk."

If the German girl had ever seen Dundreary, I am sure, by the expression of her face, that she would have exclaimed: "N-n-ow, wh-what n-nonsense that is!"

But as it was, she only replied, in a stupid way:

"I don't touch it," and, looking greatly disappointed, followed Mrs. Atley into the kitchen.

After this Mrs. Atley took pains to get the milk "cow-warm," as she expressed it, and set it, covered up, in a pan in the hall outside of their room.

"What are you going to do with that great basket of elder blossoms?"

The *frau* and big Kattle sat in the kitchen carefully looking over a basket of the delicate white blossoms, whose sight always brought to Mrs. Atley's mind the vision of a crowded auditorium, and a group of "sweet girl graduates," each with elder blossoms in her hair. How long ago it was! in those dreadful war times. And where are the girls now? And, while in one moment she reviewed a score of years, the *frau* answered:

"We are going to fry them."

Mrs. Atley looked aghast. Fry those beautiful waxen umbels, that to her were associated with such sacred memories!—the dear school friends; the parting with brave soldier-boys, some of whom sleep the last sleep on the field of battle; memories of flags, and drums, and patriotic songs, and tears, and crape, and lonely hearts!

But the good old *frau* saw no such visions as she scanned the flowers and removed everything objectionable; and, resolutely shutting the door of "Memory's halls," Mrs. Atley resumed her study of peasant life in Styria.

"How do you fry them?" she asked.

"I will show you," replied the *frau*, as she arose and began beating some eggs in a pan. "I want a little salt, Kattle."

"There is none in the crock."

"Grate some off, then, quick."

A grayish cylinder, about the size of a water-pail, stood always on the back of the stove. Mrs. Atley had wondered what it could be. She was now enlightened. It was salt, and with a large grater Kattle now began grating off the outside. The particles fell into the crock, not white and glistening, but dull and gray from the accumulated dust of days and weeks; but no one raised any objections on that account.

"Why do you keep your salt standing on the stove?"

"To keep it dry."

"But it gets so dirty."

"Oh, that's only a little dust; that don't matter. Now bring me the milk and flour, Kattle, and see that the lard is hot."

Into the batter thus made with milk, eggs, and flour, the blossoms were dipped, a bunch at a time, and then thrown into the boiling lard, whence each soon emerged crisp and brown, a sort of fritter, held together by the blossoms, but receiving very little flavor therefrom.

"Do you ever use elder-berries?"

"No. How can you use them? They are not good to eat, are they?"

Mrs. Atley tried to give the *frau* an idea of elder-berry pie, but it was unintelligible to her, and she thought she would not like it.

"But I am going to make a *Strudel*," said she, "and that is very good indeed."

"*Strudel*; that means a whirlpool. I should like to see it made. But what is this in this kettle?"

"That is *Rind Schmattz*.

Mrs. Atley knew that that literally meant beef-fat, so she thought it would be suet; but it did not look like it; so she asked:

"What is it made of?"

"Butter," was the reply.

"Why do you melt it?"

"To keep i. We can preserve it a year that way."

"Why don't you salt it?"

"Salt it? Salt the butter! Why, I'd as soon think of salting my coffee. I never heard of such a thing. Do you salt your butter in America?"

"Always."

"Oh, I don't see how you can eat it. This is a much nicer way. You see I put the butter in the kettle, and melt it. Then I throw in a handful of corn-meal, which clarifies it. Then I boil it ti'l I can see my face in it, and then I put it down in c ocks. But now for my *Strudel*."

"You must tell me all about it," said Mrs. Atley, as the *frau* brought a pan of dough from the cupboard. "How did you make the dough?"

"It is make of one pint of flour, a little butter, salt, and warm water. I kneaded it well, then covered it, and let it rest an hour. Now I shall draw it out thin—this way."

She proceeded to roll the dough until quite thin, and then, taking it in both hands, drew it out deftly and dexterously into a large, thin sheet that covered the whole top of the table.

"Now, Kattle, bring the fried bread."

Kattle responded by bringing some little dice cut from the white *Semmel* and fried brown. Beginning at one side of the doughy table-cover, she spread over it some of these dice, together with some raisins, some melted butter, and some *Schier-Kase*, or Dutch cheese. She then began rolling up the dough, making continual application of the above-mentioned ingredients, until at length she had a "roly-poly" as big as a man's arm, and at least three feet long. This immense roll she now began to coil up, and when this was done the *Strudel*, or whirlpool, was committed to a deep pan, which bore a generous supply of fat, and the whole was stowed away in the oven, to emerge in an hour, filling the house with an appetizing odor.

"It smells awful dood here," said Myo, coming in.

"It tastes good, too," said the *frau*, when his remark had been interpreted to her, "and you shall have some. I think it is better if you put apples in it, but we don't often have apples. And we can't afford to have *Strudel* very often, but this is a feast day."

Luxurious indeed was the feast of fried elder-blossoms and *Strudel*, and for the first time the observant American eyes saw fresh meat upon the table. And very happy looked all the faces gathered around the board, and very hearty was the united vocal thanksgiving when the feast was ended; but on the morrow they would gather as cheerfully around a meal of black bread and sour-milk soup, or a soup made of water, colored and flavored with brown flour and lard, and dignified by the name of an *Eingebrennte Suppe*, and just as hearty would be their vocal thanks.

Years have gassed since then, but memory still pictures that scene. The smiling sky; the pine-covered mountain slopes; the distant and more awful brown and treeless tops of the highest peaks of the Semmering Alps; the humble peasants' cottages nestling in the sombre shadows of the pine forests; and, in that low, smoke-embrowned kitchen, that little group of coarsely clad, toil-hardened, uneducated peasants, standing around the remnants of their coarse and meagre meal—each, from the gray-haired grandfather down to the prattling child, with clasped hands and upturned faces, from the depth of thankful hearts, repeating their "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—*Mary A. Allen, in Christian Union.*

Judge Black.

A few years ago a young man fashionably dressed took his seat at the table of the Girard house, in Philadelphia. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth which attracted general attention. He read the *menu* with smothered disgust, gave his orders with a tone of lofty condescension, and when his neighbor civilly handed him the pepper-box, stared at him for his presumption as though he had tendered him an insult. In short, a person of the blood could not have regarded a mob of serfs with more arrogant hauteur than did this lad the respectable travelers about him. Presently a tall, powerfully built old man entered the room, and seated himself at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was markedly simple; he entered into conversation with his neighbor, who happened to be a poor tradesman, and occasionally during his dinner exchanged ideas with a little lady of five summers who sat beside him. The colored servants spoke to him as an old friend. "How is your rheumatism, John?" he said to one, and remembered that another had lately lost his son. "Who is that old-fashioned gentleman?" asked a curious traveler of the steward. "Oh, that is Judge Jere Black, the greatest jurist in the country!" was the enthusiastic reply. "And the young aristocrat? He surely is somebody of note." "He is a drummer who sells fancy soaps." Judge Jeremiah Black, who has just died, was noted and feared in public life for the massive force of his intellect. "Every blow kills!" said a listener to one of his arguments. On the other side, an old farmer neighbor wrote of him, "We shall never have another man as pure, kindly and simple among us." The boys who will make up our next generation could find much to study in the massive nature of this old man with his powerful brain, his simple, direct manner, and his unfaltering, childlike faith in God. With his last breath he took his aged wife by the hand, and saying, "Lord, take care of Mary," so died.—*Advance.*

Sunshiny Rooms Again.

We have heretofore spoken of the great importance of pure sunshine. No article of furniture that will not stand sunlight should be put in a room, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. Never mind the fading carpets. Better the color of the carpets than the color of the cheeks. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwelling cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed perfect health is nearly as dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. A sun bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. It costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room in it may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Selected.*